THE SCRIBE'S COLOPHON

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Thy tasks are heavy, kindly Master! When
Through weary hours I drove the faltering pen
(That still across the ending parchment runs
In service of my brothers and Thy sons),
Too hard I deemed Thy tasks—till, sudden came
A breath from Thee that roused my spirit's flame,
And toil was utter joy.

Oh, Thou,
Who deignest, even now
From Heaven on Thy scribe to look,
Bless the three fingers that have writ this book!